You Get Too Close

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You Get Too Close

by trashcangimmick

Summary

Steve sits at the back of the bus on the way to a basketball match in Gary. Billy Hargrove sits right across from him.

Notes

Billy does not ask for consent at any point and is pretty aggressive. Steve's scandalized and somewhat resistant but not like, mad about it.

See the end of the work for more notes

Steve always sits at the very back of the bus for away games. It's what happens when you're like, top of the pecking order. Even if that's not strictly true anymore, Steve is still popular enough. He's still great at basketball. So even though he's not the first person on the bus, his seat is still open and waiting for him. He settles down in the far right corner. There's not enough people on the team to warrant everybody having to share seats. So Steve stretches his legs out across the length of the worn leather bench. He slides on his headphones and presses play on the Walkman. He's so wrapped up in the smooth embrace of Van Halen—he barely notices who plops down across the aisle.

He barely notices because not noticing would be impossible. Billy Hargrove, already wearing his shorts and jersey, flops into the seat. He's got a toothpick between his teeth. A mean glint in his eye. Steve really hopes that Billy will just sit there, or bullshit with other people and not try to interact. It's probably a stupid hope. But Steve's a relentless optimist.

Tommy claims the seat directly in front of Billy. Jonas sits in front of Steve. The easiest course of action is for Steve to close his eyes as the bus lurches into motion. He can hear everybody talking, obviously. Billy and Tommy are both loudmouths. Rambling about parties, drinking, drugs, and *pussy.*

They leave Steve alone for the first fifteen minutes or so. Then Billy's saying; "Whatcha listening to Princess? The new Cyndi Lauper record?"

Steve flips him off without opening his eyes. Billy laughs. He says he knows Steve listens to bitch music, like he smokes bitch cigarettes (turkish royals to Billy's Marlboro 100's). Tommy concurs. It's all very mundane

It's a long bus ride to Gary.

Steve actually manages to nod off for a bit. He only realizes when he jolts awake as they hit a pothole. The tape in his walkman has finished. He opens his eyes to flip it over. Tommy is also slumped over asleep. Jonas has his headphones on now. Billy is leaning back in his seat, staring out the window.

Steve's breath catches and he has to blink. He can't really be seeing what he thinks he's seeing.

Billy has the left leg of his shorts hiked up. His hard cock is visible, poking through the hole right next to his thigh. Billy's stroking it lazily.

He must have heard Steve's little gasp. He turns his head and winks.

"Welcome back to the world of the living." He wets his lips. "You snore."

Billy is still playing with himself. Steve feels like a rabbit caught in the middle of a highway. Billy is uncircumcised. Steve's seen it in the shower, obviously. It was the first uncut dick he'd seen in person. It's much different hard. He's mesmerized watching the foreskin slide over the shiny pink head of Billy's cock and then back to expose it fully. Billy's cock is thick. Not as long as Steve's, but maybe a bit wider.

Steve forces himself to look away. His cheeks are hot. His mouth is dry. He can't believe it. How could someone do that? Just. Jerk off in public. In a crowded bus. Tommy could wake up at any minute. Jonas could glance over and see.

"That why your bitch dumped you? She couldn't get any sleep with you sawing logs?" Billy's tone is so casual. Like it's a regular conversation.

Steve doesn't respond. He looks straight ahead.

"It's been a while since you even tried to get back up on the horse, huh? What, two months? Three? I could never stand that shit. I gotta fuck like twice a week at least."

"The silence means I don't want to talk to you." Steve snaps. His heart is beating too fast.

He can still see Billy's hand moving out of the corner of his eye. Billy is staring at him. Steve can feel it.

"I could give you some pointers." Billy's voice dips a little lower. There are plenty of people having various conversations on different parts of the bus. Billy's words almost disappear in the mesh of noise. "I'm a great wingman if you don't mind sloppy seconds."

"Stop it," Steve hisses. Everything feels disjointed. Like he's not even in reality anymore. Is he dreaming?

"Stop what?" Billy laughs.

Steve's looking at him again. There's a glint in Billy's eye. He's grinning wide, tongue between his teeth.

He's jerking his cock faster. The tip of it is so wet. It's dribbling.

"Everything. Stop everything that you're doing."

"Nah."

Billy shifts. He stretches one leg out on the seat, back against the window, putting himself on full display and angled directly at Steve. He tugs down the waistband of his shorts and gets his dick all the way out. He's so hard it's standing up straight.

"Nobody's making you watch." It's barely a whisper.

He raises one eyebrow and starts to stroke himself again. Long, slow pulls. His mouth hangs open. They're making eye contact.

Steve doesn't know what to do. Looking away somehow seems worse. He'd still know what was happening. It would feel a little like losing a staring contest? Like backing down? Cowardice?

"Seems like you want an audience since you won't leave me alone." Steve also keeps his voice low. Eyes flicking around the bus. Nobody's paying attention.

Billy shrugs. He rocks his hips, thrusting into his curled fist.

It's not the first time Steve's seen someone jerk off. He's seen Tommy hard. He's seen Tommy come. But that was always when they were really drunk or high. When Tommy would put on porn and they'd watch it together. It was all stolen glances. Pretending to ignore each other.

Steve's hard. He's hard, and too hot all over, and he's watching Billy touch himself in public. If they got caught would Steve be just as guilty as Billy? Would it be worse that Steve's just watching? Billy's obviously getting something out of this. Steve shouldn't be. He should be disgusted.

Billy speeds up. He lets out a soft gasp. He lifts his jersey, exposing his flat, tanned stomach. Then his cock twitches, splattering stripes of milky white jizz across his golden skin. Billy sighs. He wipes his hand through the mess and smears most of it on the back of the seat in front of him. He pulls his shorts up and takes a copy of *Rolling Stone* out of his backpack. He starts flipping through it like nothing happened.

Steve turns his cassette over and stares straight ahead for the rest of the bus ride.

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Steve is incredibly distracted for the entire game. Any time Billy enters his field of vision, Steve's thinking about dick. Thinking about Billy's dick, how it would feel to touch, wondering if foreskin is soft and silky or if it feels like normal skin.

Honestly, Steve's had a chronic half-chub since getting off the bus. They manage to win the game, mostly because of Billy. In the showers, everyone's high-fiving him and clapping him on the back.

The locker room is nice. It actually has a few shower stalls, which Steve opts for. He doesn't feel like showing off a boner. Figures maybe he can finally get it to go down with some cold water. It's a short lived wish. Stripping makes it worse. The water is maybe a couple degrees below room temperature and it feels good on his sweaty skin. Steve palms himself.

Can he really make it the three hours back to Hawkins? Maybe if he's quick… ? He strokes himself a few times and has to bite his lip. This probably makes him a hypocrite, considering he was so scandalized earlier. But at least nobody can see him. Judging just on noise, it seems like there's nobody nearby.

The shower curtain flicks back abruptly and closes just as fast. Steve jolts. Lets go of his cock. He barely has time to be indignant about the intrusion or embarrassed about what he was doing.

It's Billy. Grinning. Already shirtless. He drops his shorts and steps into the shower with Steve.

"Wha—"

He claps a hand over Steve's mouth. Grabs his hip and spins him around so Steve's chest is pressed up against the cold tile. Billy's hard. He's pressing his erection right between Steve's ass cheeks. It's terrifying. Exhilarating. Steve should probably struggle. Scream. Put up a fight.

Billy shifts. His cock slips downwards, head sliding between Steve's wet thighs. He starts to thrust. Quick. Artless. He's breathing hot and heavy in Steve's ear.

He still has a hand over Steve's mouth. He's pinning Steve to the wall mostly with body weight. Steve's a little taller but Billy is heavier. He's all muscle. Thick and stocky. He's

fucking between Steve's thighs, right along his taint, head of his cock brushing against Steve's balls.

Then Billy gets a hand on Steve's dick. He starts jerking it. Sloppy. Too fast. Grip too loose. It doesn't matter. Steve's panting. Nerves lighting up. It's been way too long. Nobody's touched him since Nancy. Steve feels drunk. Helpless to change the situation, even if he wanted to. He's paralyzed with shock. Foggy with arousal. He's not resisting.

"Yeah," Billy murmurs. "Knew you wanted it. Bitch."

He tightens his grip. Speeds up. Steve barely chokes back a whimper. Billy's thrusts are a bit unsteady. Fast and wild. Dragging against Steve's skin with no purpose besides taking what he wants. It's hard not to wonder if this is how he fucks when he's actually inside somebody. Selfish. Reckless. Some horrible part of Steve's hindbrain lurches with arousal at the idea.

And then he's thinking about being face down in the back seat of the camaro, Billy splitting him open, rabbiting into him just like this. Calling him a bitch. Telling him to hold still.

Billy stops abruptly. He pushes the head of his cock against Steve's asshole. He removes the hand from Steve's mouth to start jerking off. Just as fast and rough as he's touching Steve.

"C'mon, faggot. We don't got a lot of time here. Shoot."

Billy nudges forward. It burns a little. Is he gonna shove it in? Is Steve about to get fucked dry?

Oh god. Oh *shit.*

Steve tenses. His whole body seems to convulse. His thighs tremble as he splatters come on the wall. Billy grunts. He jerks his cock fast. Steve can hear the soft slick noises. Then Billy goes still. Steve can feel the sticky warmth.

Billy just came on Steve's asshole. Maybe slightly in it. What the hell.

"What the hell?" Steve whispers.

Billy just chuckles. He steps back into the shower spray and rinses himself off. Then he pats Steve on the ass and exits the stall.

Steve stands in the shower, dumbfounded, until he hears the coach yelling at them all to hurry it up.

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Billy is in Steve's seat at the back of the bus. Innocent as anything. Flipping through his magazine again. Steve is one of the last people to board. So it's just the very back seat, or one in the front, by the coach.

Steve's got goose flesh on the back of his neck as he sits down right where Billy jerked off. Where there's dry jizz on the seat.

"Got big plans for the weekend, pretty boy?" Billy has a fresh toothpick in his mouth. The way he manages to swirl it around is suddenly very interesting.

Billy has nice lips. Maybe Steve's thinking what Billy's lips might feel like wrapped around his cock. Nancy didn't really like to give head. Her mouth was so small. Steve's dick is pretty big. It hurt her jaw. Billy's got a face that's just begging to get fucked if Steve could pin him down long enough. He doesn't really care if Billy's uncomfortable.

Steve doesn't respond to the question. His stomach is twisted in knots and he's still trying to grasp what even happened to him today. Is he gay now? Is Billy gay? Who's Billy been having sex with *twice a week at least.* Tommy? Jonas? Someone else?

What does it mean if Steve's thinking about Billy actually pushing into his ass all the way? What does it mean if maybe he wants to wrestle Billy to the floor and fuck into his body heat? He used to fuck Carol in the ass all the time. It's probably not that different. Right?

Maybe it doesn't have to mean anything. Steve could just pretend it never happened. Except. Well. Steve likes sex. And he hasn't been getting any. Billy is the one coming onto *him,* eager and aggressive. Billy is objectively nice to look at. He felt really good. It's like someone just presenting Steve with a pizza he didn't have to order or pay for. What's he gonna do? Turn it down?

"I got a new record player." Billy licks his thumb before turning the page. Then he looks up, bright blue eyes all innocent and coy. "You should come over and check it out."

Tommy, who is sitting in front of Steve, frowns. Freckled skin creasing deep on his forehead. He looks like he wants to say something, but doesn't.

Steve has no idea what to say either. So he just lifts his shoulders and lets them fall. "Maybe. I guess."

Billy nods and returns to reading, radiating an unbearable smugness. Steve hates it. His cock twitches. Any further interaction with Billy Hargrove is an unquestionably bad idea.

Steve's kinda excited about it.

End Notes

Title from "Too Close" by Sir Chloe.

Check out Harringrove for BLM.

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